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SO HURRY UP ALREADY!

50 YEARS OF CAPTAIN AMERICA 1941 – 1991

MANAK

NOTE: NO ANIMALS WERE INJURED DURING THE MAKING OF THIS COVER

Choose from a smashing assortment of socks and belts.

Streets of Rage.™

Here's a street fighting game that'll knock your socks off. New, Streets of Rage from Sega Genesis.™ You get a total of 40 individually controllable attack moves. Upper cuts. Head butts. Flying double knee attacks. Neck grabs. Jumping pile drivers.

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SEGA GENESIS

So if you want to clean up the streets, don't just sit there. Do something. Get Streets of Rage from Sega Genesis.

Leading the 16-bit revolution.™

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ALF

IN Part II of Th-Th-That's ALF, Folks!

A Tisket, A Task Force!

OH PLEASE, BR'ER KLINGON!... DO ANYTHING YOU WANTS TO ME... JUST DON'T THROW ME IN THAT RICHARD PRYOR PATCH!!!

ALF, I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU ALL MORNING! ALF?... ALF! WAKE UP!

HODA SODA!

1.

GALLAGHER WRITER * MANAK PENCILER * SEVERIN INKER * JOYCE LETTERER * ROUSSOS COLORIST * SKOLNICK MNG. EDITOR * NICIEZA EDITOR * DEFALCO EDITOR IN CHIEF *

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ALF! C'MON--SNAP OUT OF IT...
ALF!
HMM? WHO? WHA--? KATE! OH, THANK FOODNESS!

WHOO-HA! WOTTA NIGHTMARE! I FEEL LIKE I'M HAVING AN ARTICHOKE HEART ATTACK!
WHY ARE YOU OUT HERE? DIDN'T YOU COME INSIDE LAST NIGHT?

NO, I STAYED UP CONVERTING THE SOLID OLDHAMITE ROCKS INTO LIQUID FUEL...
HMM... I'D STILL LIKE TO KNOW HOW YOU ACQUIRED THAT STUFF!

KATE, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO BUY A COPY OF LAST MONTH'S ISSUE LIKE EVERYONE ELSE!
ALF, YOU WERE TOLD NOT TO GO TO ARIZONA, YET THOSE ROCKS GOT HERE... HOW? WHY?
*PART I OF "TH-TH-TH-THAT'S ALF, FOLKS," METEOR 'BYE PRODUCTS -Editor

I TOLD WILLIE AND I'M TELLING YOU!! LAST TIME SHE WAS HERE, MY GIRLFRIEND RHONDA FORESHADOWED OUR REUNION! I'VE GOTTA BE READY!!
OKAY, OKAY--TAKE IT EASY! NO REASON TO SHOUT!
U R
2

SORRY, K-MARTYR! I'M STILL UPSET BY THAT HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE... I'LL BE FINE ONCE I TAKE ONE OF THESE!

WHOA! ONE OF WHAT?

A TIME CAPSULE! ONE PILL MAKES YOU TEMPORARILY FORGET WHATEVER'S CAUSING YOU STRESS! DON'T WORRY, I'VE GOT A PRESCRIPTION!

LET ME SEE THOSE...

"TIME CAPSULES BLOCK YOUR MEMORY UNTIL YOU ARE CAPABLE OF DEALING WITH THE PROBLEM--- USUALLY FOR A DAY OR SO..." AMAZING!

YESSIREE-BOK! THAT NIGHTMARE IS HISTORY!

Ping!

Blap!

AH! I FEEL BETTER ALREADY! AND NO SIDE-FX WITH THIS Rx!

THIS LITTLE STICKER SAYS "TAKE WITH FOOD!"

I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK! GOT ANY OF THOSE SLUG FRITTERS LEFT?

NOW I KNOW YOU'RE OKAY!

SURE! I FEEL LIKE A MILLION WERNICKS! ALTHOUGH I CAN'T SHAKE THIS FEELING THAT WE'RE BEING WATCHED!

OH, ALF...

AHA! THERE GOES KATE TANNER WALKING WITH WHAT LOOKS LIKE AN *ALIEN LIFE FORM!!*

REALLY, MR. BITTNER?

YES, MR. OCHMONEK! AND IF MY INFORMATION IS CORRECT, THEY'VE BEEN HARBORING IT FOR *YEARS!*

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

THE TANNERS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN GOOD NEIGHBORS...

WRONG! THEY'RE CRIMINALS! HIDING A CREATURE FROM US, *THE ALIEN TASK FORCE!* PERHAPS YOU TWO HAVE BEEN *AIDING* AND *ABETTING* THE TANNERS? I'LL DRAG *YOU* THROUGH THE MUD, TOO!!

ULP! YESSIR-NOSSIR! WE'VE COOPERATED BY LETTING YOU SPY FROM OUR HOUSE!

SORRY ABOUT THAT OUTBURST, BUT I'VE GOT A LOT TO BE ANGRY ABOUT! AND THAT ALIEN IS THE CAUSE OF IT ALL!

TOP secret ATF

BAM!

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, EVERYTHING WAS GREAT! THE ATF'S SECRET ISLAND HQ WAS THRIVING!

A GOVERNMENT BIG SHOT TOURED THE FACILITY, READY TO DOUBLE OUR BUDGET...

BUT THEN, THINGS WENT WRONG... HIS BOAT WAS SCUTTLED AND THE ATF MINI-SUB WAS HIJACKED!*

ACCUSATIONS WERE MADE... FINGERS WERE POINTED... THEY NEEDED A SCAPEGOAT--AND I WAS IT!

$$$

ATF!

ATF

HQ

*A BRIEF RECAP OF THE EVENTS IN ALF #27-"EJECTION SLIP!"-Editor

GAME BOY AT WORK

GET YOUR MIND BACK IN THE GUTTER.

Time to get crude and rude, dude. 'Cause Shredder's nabbed April O'Neil again in Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles® II Back from the Sewers,™ Konami's® new bodacious shell bound shell shocker for Game Boy.®

- Two megs memory puts major screenage in your face with bigger characters and cooler action.
- 6 totally tasty levels plus 5 bonus pizza collecting stages.
- Attempt to release captured Turtles in the most excellent rescue levels.
- All new feature lets you choose a level of difficulty.
- Walk, talk, jump, climb, skateboard and surf through downtown sewers, abandoned buildings, subways, highways, the Technodrome and other areas o' pain.
- Righteous reporter April is missing serious air time, dude. So get slicing and maybe Shredder will choke 'n croak for good. Not!

KONAMI®

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ME! MARK BITTNER! LOYAL EMPLOYEE AND NEXT IN LINE FOR PROMOTION... BUT NO! THEY BUSTED ME BACK DOWN TO A LOWLY CASE WORKER!
snarl...
snawt...
growl...
grumble...

HA HA! SO I OPENED UP OLD FILES AND DECIDED TO CHECK OUT THE TANNER CASE! NOW I'VE STRUCK GOLD! SOON, I'LL BE RUNNING THE ATF! HA HAHAHA! THAT ALIEN IS MY TICKET TO FAME, FORTUNE AND POWER!
ALIEN LIFE FORM!
ARTIST'S RENDITION!

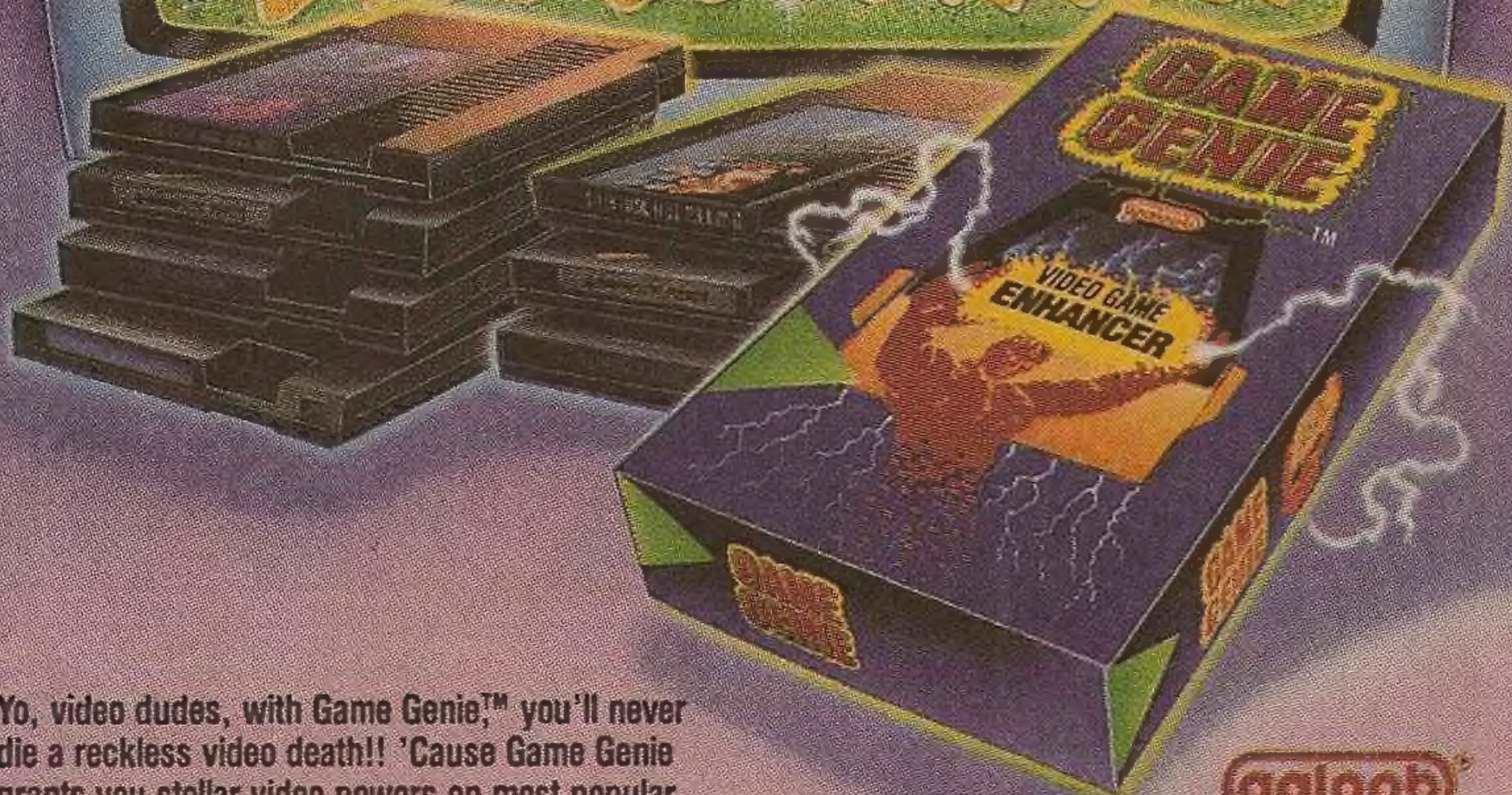
SPEAKING OF THAT ALIEN...
LOOK, KATY-8! I FOUND A BUG IN THE LIVING ROOM...
DON'T SHOW IT TO ME... JUST SWALLOW IT LIKE YOU ALWAYS DO...

WELL, OKAY... BUT I DON'T USUALLY EAT SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT UNCOOKED...
What?
WAIT!

JEEPERS! THIS IS SOME SORT OF ELECTRONIC BUGGING DEVICE! YOU FOUND IT IN THE LIVING ROOM?
AFFIRMATIIVO! TAPED UNDER THE WINDOW SILL...

...JUST LIKE THIS ONE!
ANOTHER? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? LET'S CHECK THE WHOLE HOUSE!

OVER 25 MILLION LIVES WILL BE SAVED



Yo, video dudes, with Game Genie,™ you'll never die a reckless video death!! 'Cause Game Genie grants you stellar video powers on most popular video games for the Nintendo Entertainment System.®

Like, you may live forever, never die! Or, you can get unlimited firepower and super jumps!! Maybe even moonwalk the most triumphant game characters across the screen—or program them to do much more!

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galoob

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Live forever!

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SOON:

I GAVE THE WEST WING A THOROUGH GOING OVER EASY AND FOUND SIX MORE!

I GOT FIVE AND--Uh oh--THE DOORBELL.

Ding Dong!

STAY BACK, ALF... I'LL HANDLE THIS... YES?...

I LOVE THIS NEW TREND OF STRONG, FEMALE HEROES... SIGOURNEY WEAVER, THEN LINDA HAMILTON, AND NOW ANNE SCHEDEEN!

MARK BITTNER, ALIEN TASK FORCE... MAY I COME IN?

YOU MOST CERTAINLY MAY NOT!

I THINK YOU'D BETTER OPEN THAT DOOR...

IS THAT A THREAT!

CONSIDER IT A WARNING!

WHAT I'M CONSIDERING IS CALLING THE POLICE!

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE HIDING, MRS. TANNER!

WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT IS THE U.S. CONSTITUTION!

DON'T PULL THAT LEGAL STUFF WITH ME, LADY!

AH, YER MOTHER WEARS MOON BOOTS!

WHAT?

HUSH, ALF!

NOW LISTEN HERE...

NO, YOU LISTEN! UNLESS YOU'VE GOT A WARRANT, YOU'RE NOT SETTING FOOT IN MY HOUSE! NOW GET LOST... AND TAKE YOUR EQUIPMENT WITH YOU!

GASP!

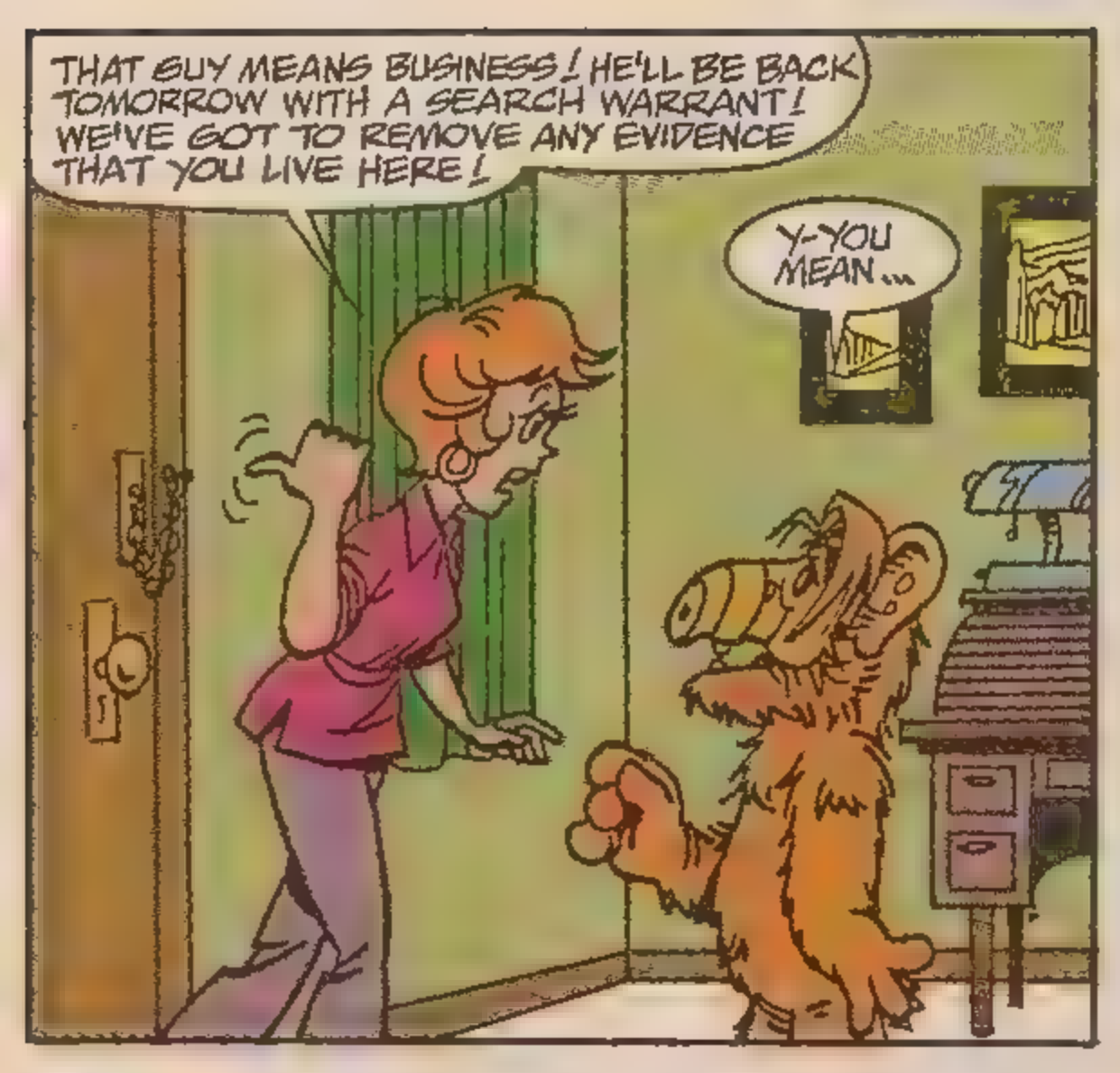
MY MICROPHONES!

OKAY, LADY... I CAN PLAY HARDBALL, TOO!

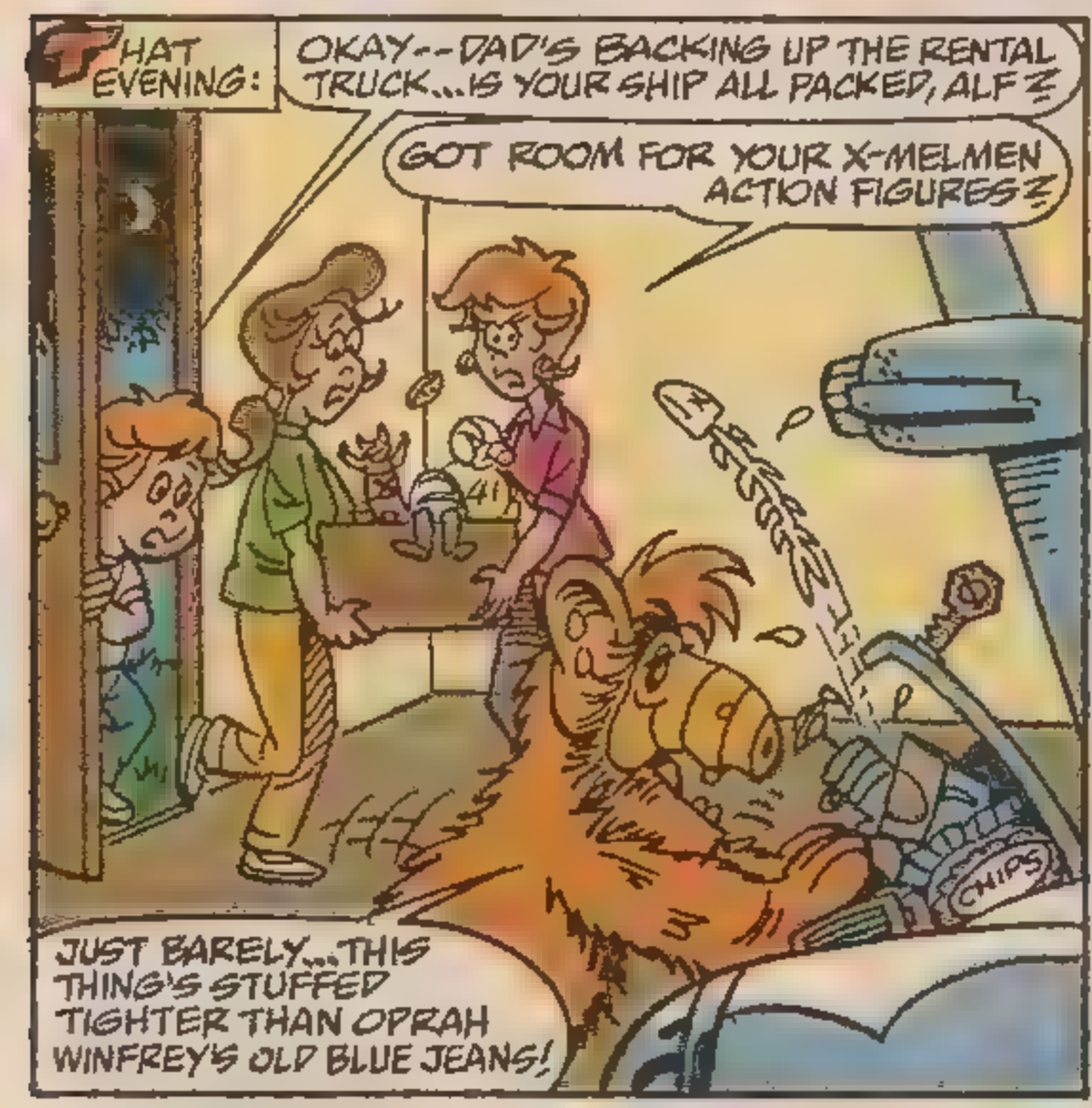
DON'T WORRY, KATE... I'LL LOAN YOU MY MITT...

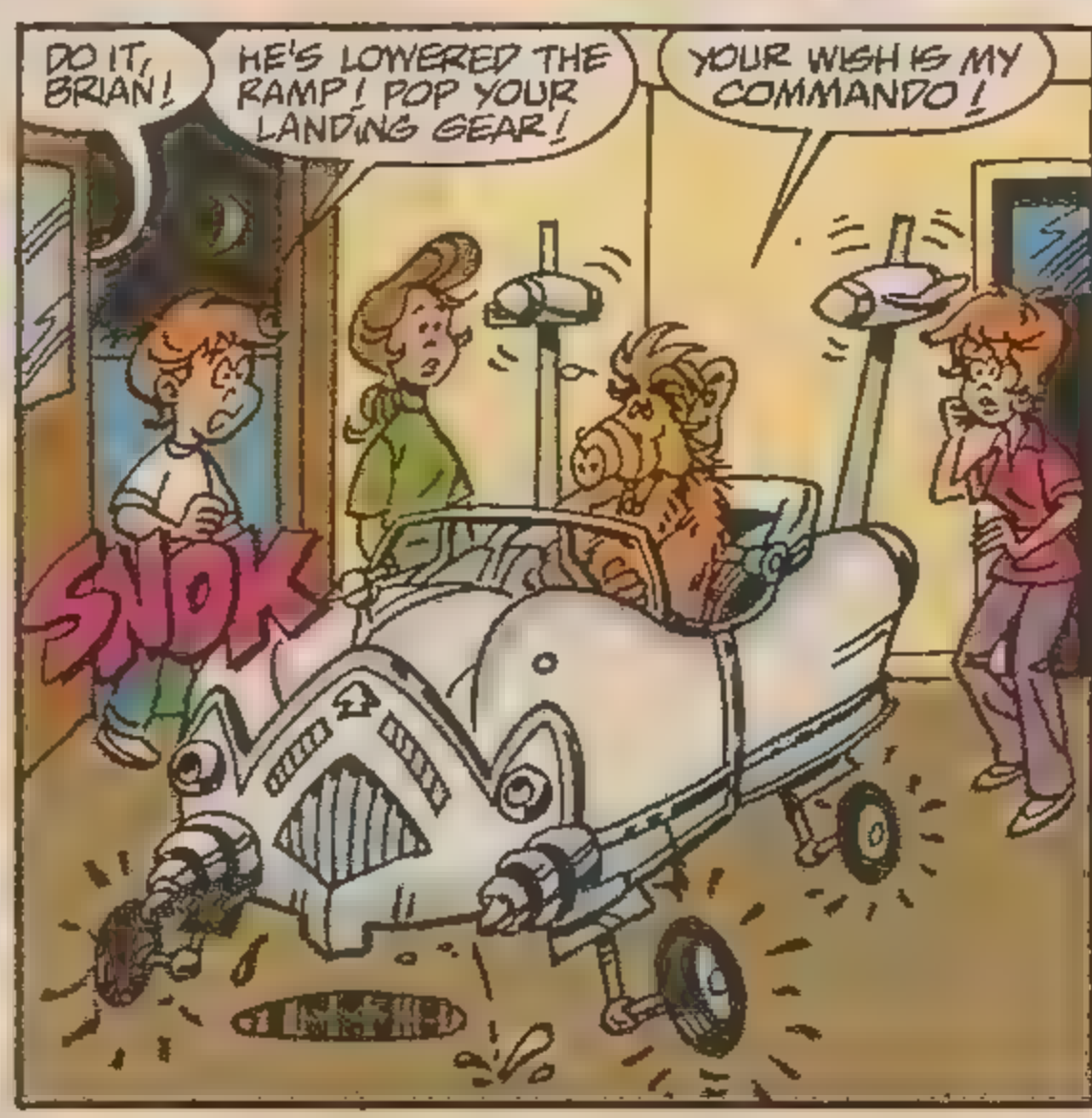
ALF...

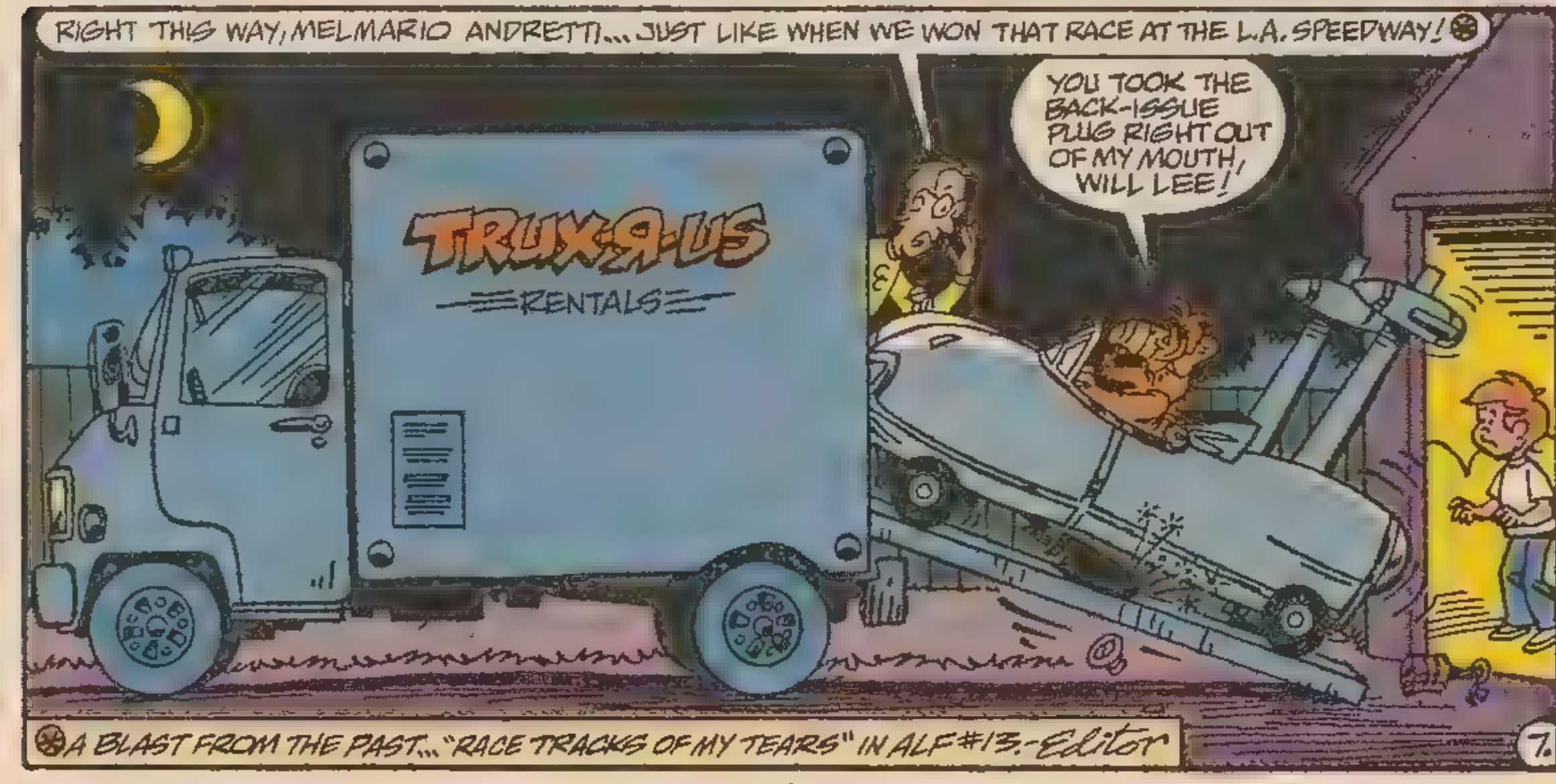
SLAM!


THAT GUY MEANS BUSINESS! HE'LL BE BACK TOMORROW WITH A SEARCH WARRANT! WE'VE GOT TO REMOVE ANY EVIDENCE THAT YOU LIVE HERE!
Y-YOU MEAN...

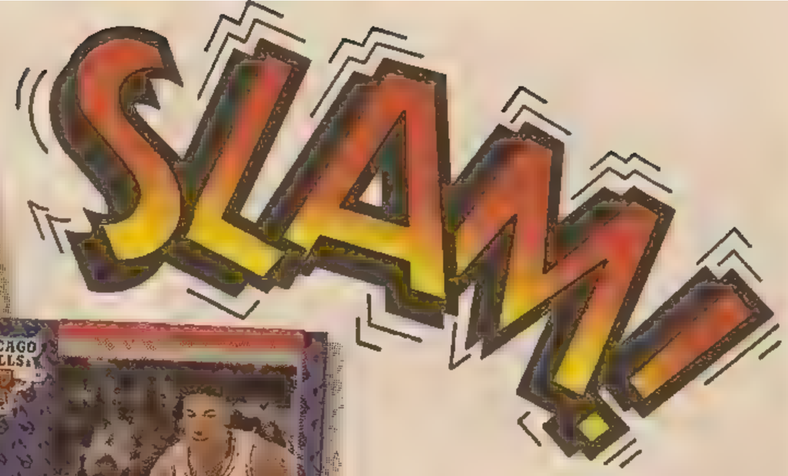
I'VE GOTTA PACK UP MY THINGS AND... GULP!
M-M-MOVE OUT!


THAT EVENING:
OKAY--DAD'S BACKING UP THE RENTAL TRUCK...IS YOUR SHIP ALL PACKED, ALF?
GOT ROOM FOR YOUR X-MELMEN ACTION FIGURES?
CHIPS
JUST BARELY...THIS THING'S STUFFED TIGHTER THAN OPRAH WINFREY'S OLD BLUE JEANS!

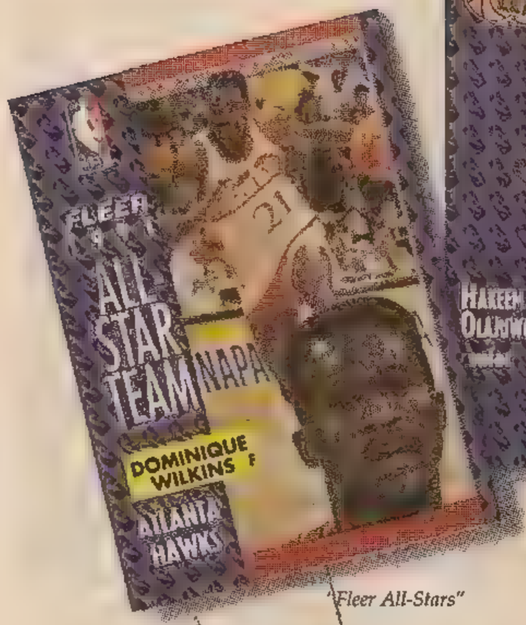

DO IT, BRIAN!
HE'S LOWERED THE RAMP! POP YOUR LANDING GEAR!
YOUR WISH IS MY COMMANDO!
SNOK


RIGHT THIS WAY, MELMARIO ANDRETTI... JUST LIKE WHEN WE WON THAT RACE AT THE L.A. SPEEDWAY!
YOU TOOK THE BACK-ISSUE PLUG RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH, WILL LEE!
TRUX-R-US
RENTALS
A BLAST FROM THE PAST... "RACE TRACKS OF MY TEARS" IN ALF #13.-Editor
7.

NBA Basketball's first three-photo cards–with full-color backs.



The '91 Fleer NBA Basketball Series puts you into the action like never before. We're bringing you a basketball first: three super-sharp color photos on each card. With full-color backs. And excitement so intense, you'll feel like you're skywalkin'!



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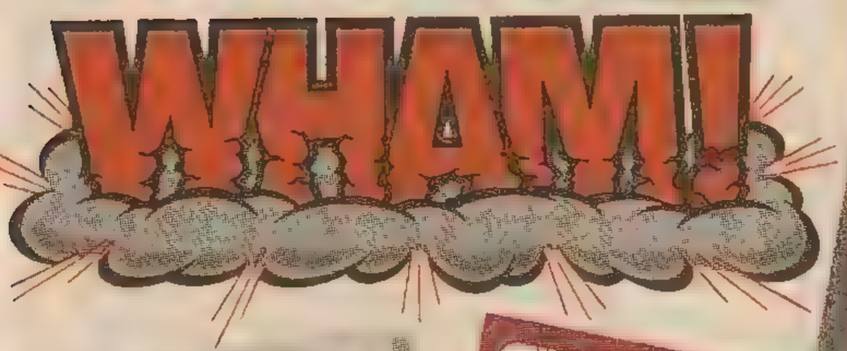
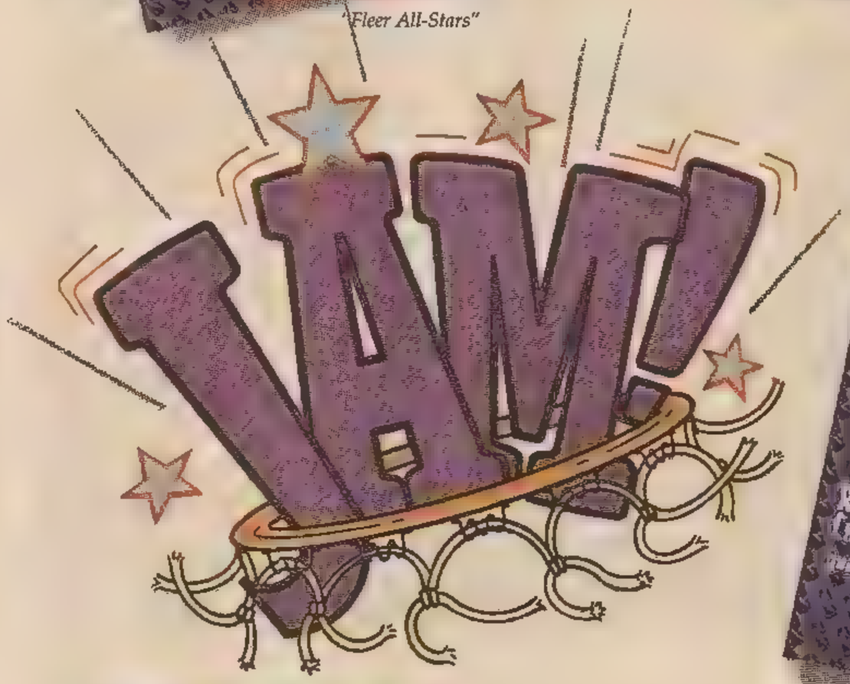
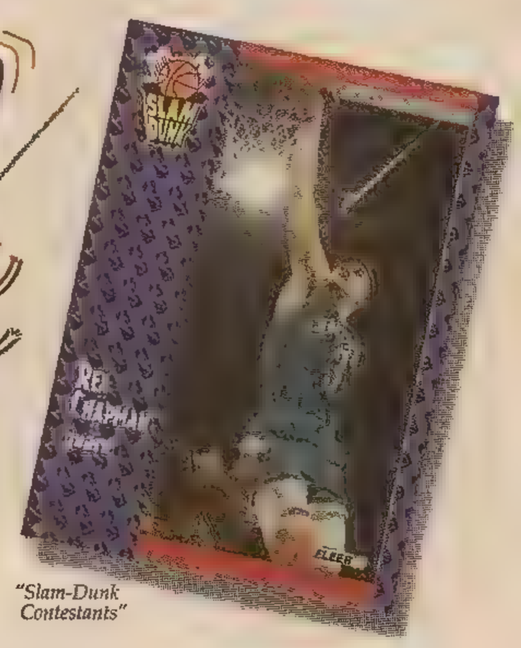
"League Leaders"

"All-Star Game Highlights"



"NBA Schoolyard Stars"
(Rack packs only)





"Slam-Dunk Contestants"

"Pro-Visions"
(Wax packs only)

"Rookie Sensations"
(Pre-priced cello packs only)

This season, we're putting on the full-court press–with three hot limited-edition subsets! We're talking six "Pro-Visions"™ art cards by Terry Smith. Plus ten new "Rookie Sensations" cards, with all the greatest new talent. Plus six new "NBA Schoolyard Stars" cards, honoring players who went from their neighborhood playgrounds to the national spotlight.

"NBA Coaches"

And... we're scorching the nets with five more amazing subsets in all pack types! You get the popular "Fleer All-Stars" and "League Leaders", plus three radical new subsets: "All-Star Game Highlights", "Slam-Dunk Contestants" and "NBA Coaches".

Don't stall. Start your own "fast break" and begin collecting the '91 Fleer NBA Basketball Series now.

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Better Than Ever.

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SAFE AND SECURE...THE ELLEN BARKIN BRAKE'S ON!

Errr...OKAY, ALF... umm...JUST HANG IN THERE A MINUTE!

C'MON...YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME WHAT FIVE STAR HOTEL WE'RE STAYING IN TONIGHT!

Uh...QUICK, ALF...HIDE! TREVOR'S COMING OVER!

GET UNDER THIS DROP CLOTH!

ARE YOU SURE Z MY SPIDER CENTS ISN'T TINGLING...

YES! GET BACK! I'LL CLOSE THE DOOR!

HURRY, HONEY!

WHUNG!

TRUX-R-US

THAT WAS A PRETTY DIRTY TRICK, MOM!

IT WAS THE ONLY WAY, BRIAN...

ALF--THERE'S GOOD NEWS AND BAD NEWS--

YES...

THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT TREVOR ISN'T COMING AFTER ALL...

YES...

THE BAD NEWS IS YOU'RE NOT GOING TO A MOTEL...

YES Z...

TRUX-R-US

YOU'RE SPENDING THE NIGHT AT MY MOTHER'S!

NOOOOOO!

BAM

THUD!

POW!

WHONK!

THE NEXT MORNING:

THERE GO THE KIDS OFF TO THE MALL...

GOOD... I HOPE THAT ATF AGENT GIVES ME SOME TIME TO RECOVER FROM LAST NIGHT... I NEVER SAW SO MUCH KICKING, SCREAMING AND BITING IN MY LIFE...

Beep!

I KNOW... BY THE WAY, HOW IS YOUR HAND & THE ONE MY MOTHER BIT &

BETTER...

Ding Dong

THAT'LL BE HIM... NOW REMEMBER--HE'S REAL AGGRESSIVE! DON'T LOSE YOUR COOL...

GOTCHA!

Ding Dong!!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

Ding Dong!!

AGENT BITTNER! WHAT AN UNEXPECTED SURPRISE!

CAN THE COMEDY, MRS. TANNER... HERE'S MY SEARCH WARRANT... SIGNED, SEALED AND DELIVERED!

CERTAINLY... COME RIGHT IN... WE HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE!

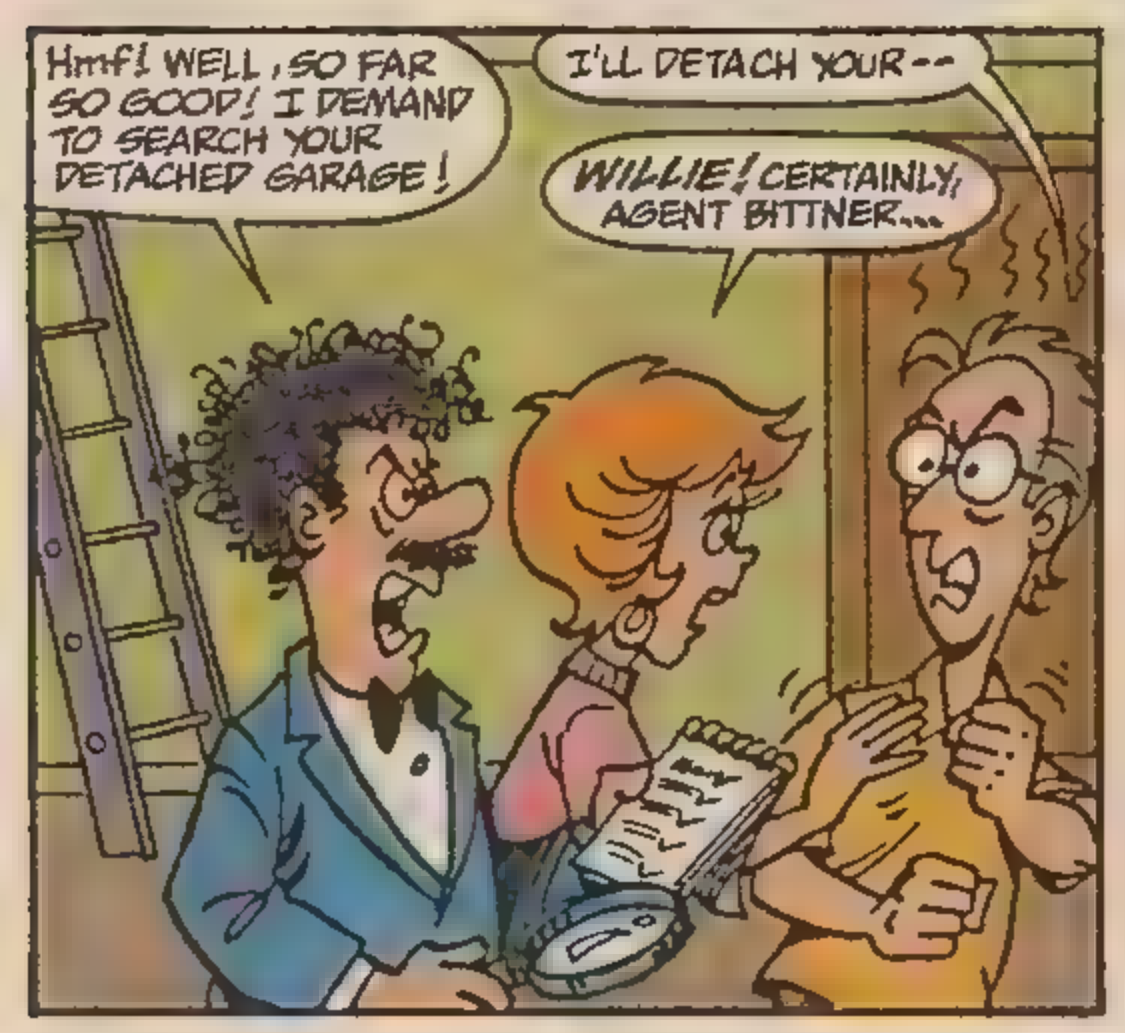
I WILL BE THE JUDGE OF THAT! JUDGE, JURY, AND JAILER!

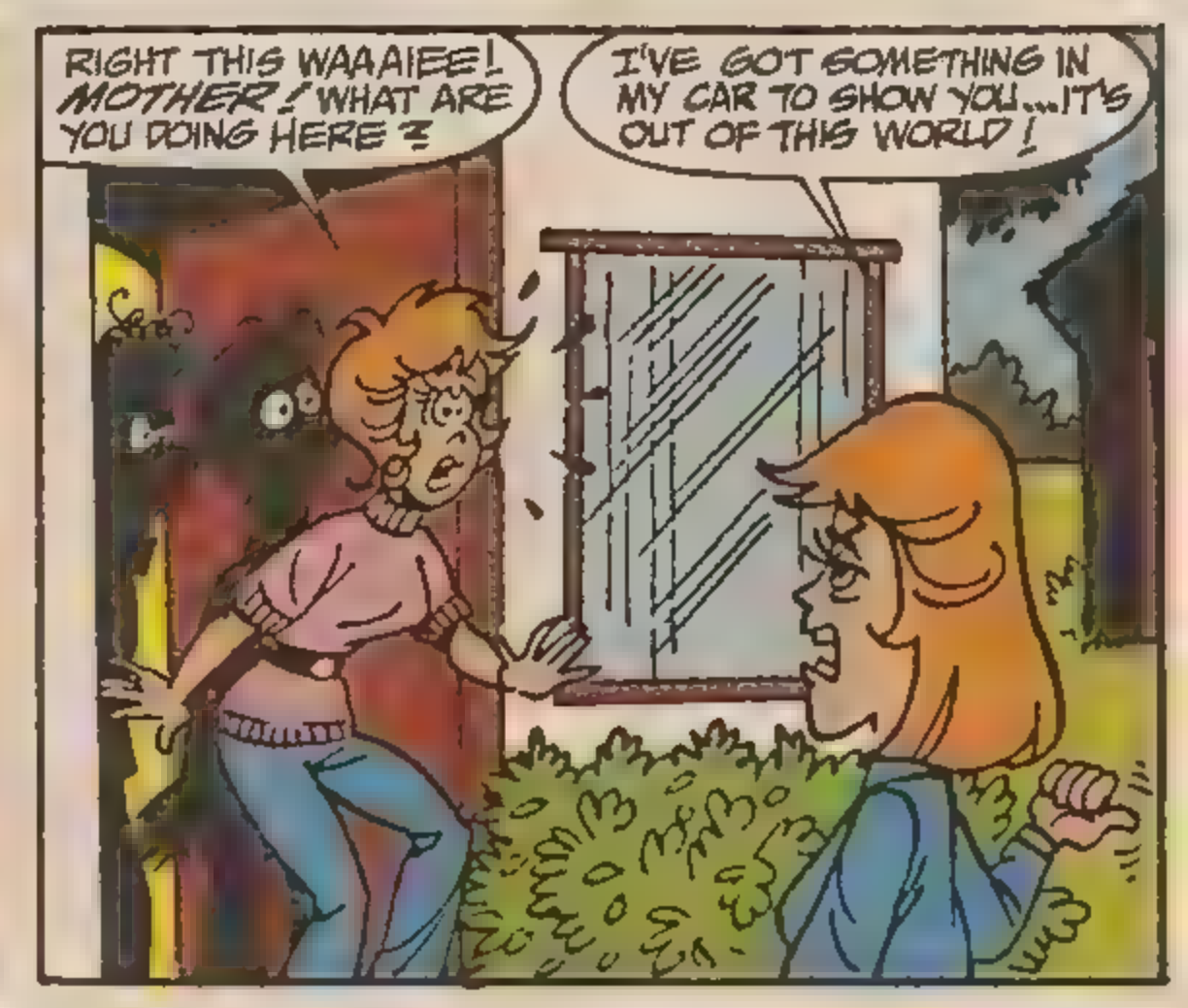
chuckle!

ZIP

9

Aha! WHY WOULD ANYONE KEEP TEN POUNDS OF SQUID IN THEIR FRIDGE?
MY HUSBAND'S A SEAFOOD LOVER--SHOW HIM, WILLIE...
I--um...YES, DEAR... chomp! squish! gurgle...
AND WHO DID ALL THESE ANATOMICAL DRAWINGS OF CATS?
OUR DAUGHTER PLANS TO BE A VETERINARIAN!
THIS LAUNDRY BASKET IS LINED WITH FUR!
Errr...YES! IT KEEPS THE WASH SMELLING... UH...FURRY!
AND WHO LIVES IN THIS ATTIC ROOM?
NOBODY NOW...WE USE IT IN CASE UNEXPECTED COMPANY DROPS IN!!
AND WHAT'S IN THIS CLOSET? OOOOOO... SEXY NIGHTGOWNS...
SLAP! OWWW...
OW! I STEPPED ON A FISHBONE!
TSK..TSK...





Umm...YOU GO ON AHEAD, MR BITTNER... MOM, WE TOLD YOU...
I KNOW WHAT YOU TOLD ME! HOW'S THE HAND, WILLIE?
I'LL LIVE ...Shhh...
STRAIGHT AHEAD, SIR...
I SEE IT!

THAT LUNATIC ALIEN'S BEEN BADGERING ME ALL MORNING TO BRING HIM OVER HERE FOR SOMETHING HE FORGOT...I FINALLY GAVE IN! HE'S IN THE TRUNK!

LET ME HAVE YOUR KEYS-WE'LL GIVE HIM SOME AIR!

HE WAS RELENTLESS, CARRYING ON ABOUT A VIAL OF PILLS HE'D LEFT IN THE GARAGE!!

OH, I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE...

NEVER MIND THEM... WHERE'S ALF?

CA-1

HE'S EATEN HIS WAY THROUGH THE BACK SEAT!

WHAT?!

OH, SWELL! MY INSURANCE PROBABLY WON'T COVER IT!

OH NO! WHAT IF HE WENT INTO THE GARAGE?

THEN AGENT BITTNER WILL... OMIGOSH-- ALF!

ALF!!

AHA!

GREAT CAESAR'S POST TOASTIES!

GASP!

I GOTCHA NOW YOU--OW! NO BITING! MISERABLE OFF-WORLD-HEY! NO FAIR PULLING HAIR-OUTER SPACE SPY--

YOWCH!

UNHAND ME, YOU TERRA FIRMA TERRORIST!

BOP!

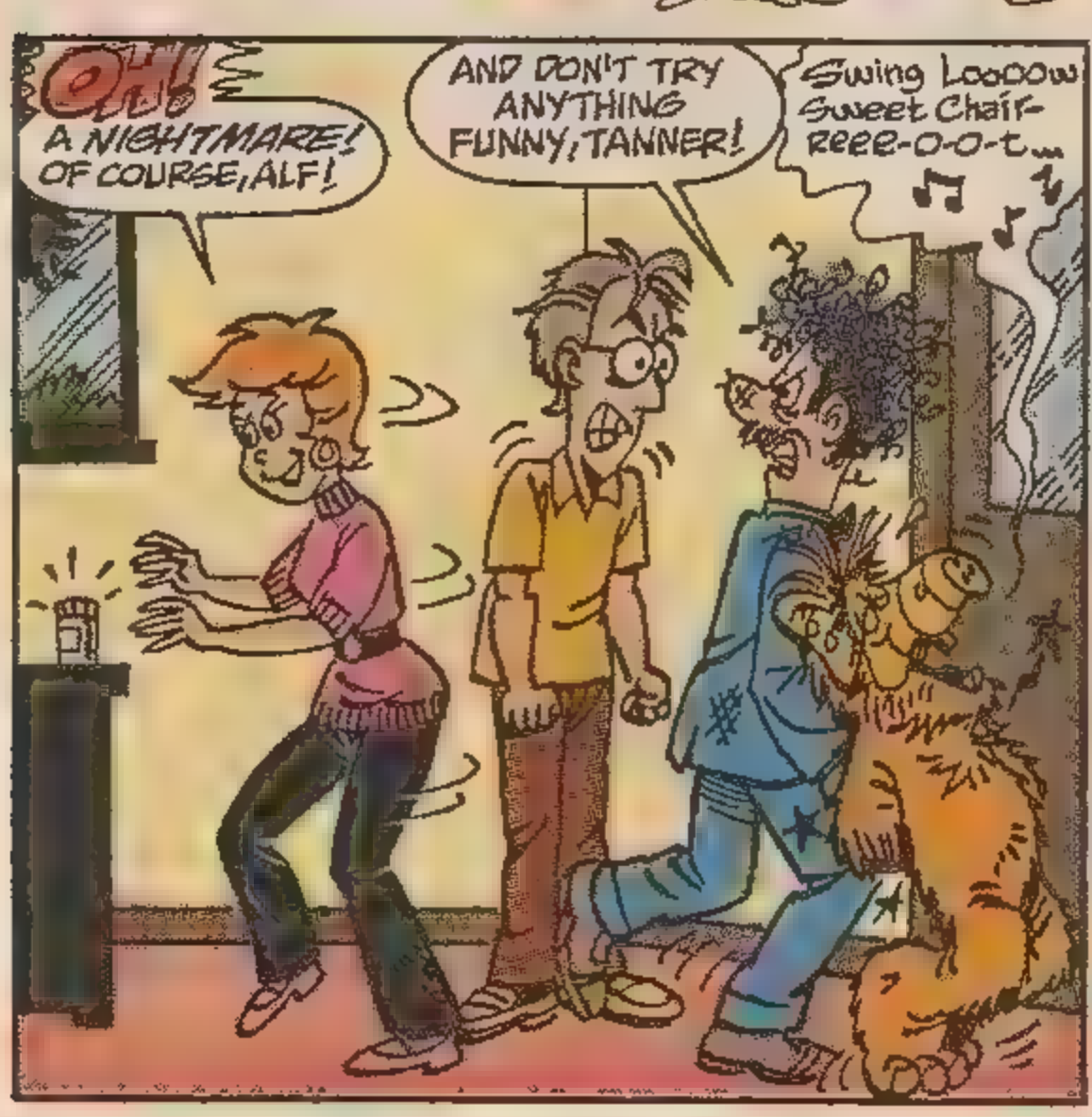
GNAW!

ALF?...OH NO!
PLEASE LET HIM GO, MR. BITTNER...
NOT A CHANCE! IT'S THE LAB TABLE FOR YOU, FURBALL!
Woof! hiesssss! MOOo!

AND DON'T THINK YOU WON'T FEEL MY WRATH, TOO! I INTEND TO RUIN YOUR LIVES AND YOUR CHILDREN'S, ALSO! YOUR NAMES WILL BE IN EVERY SUPERMARKET TABLOID, PORTRAYED AS TRAITORS!!
YOU DIRTY RATATOUILLE...

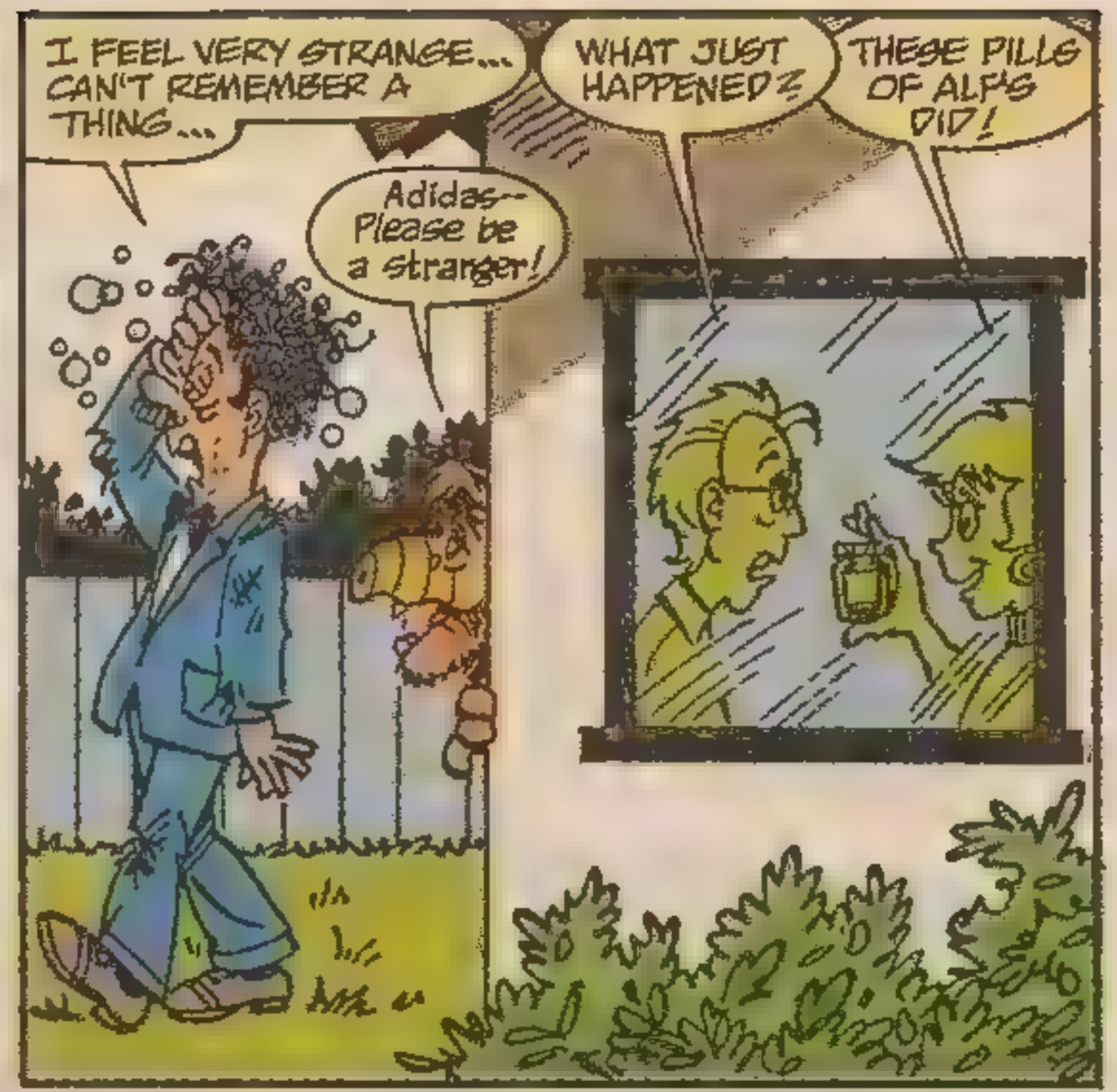
THAT'S ENOUGH OUTTA YOU, E.T.! ON YOUR FEET, OR, SHOULD I SAY, "HIND PAWS?"
OW! A FULL NELSON MANDELA! THAT HURTS!
YOU SON-OF-A--
KATE! THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO!
WRENCH!

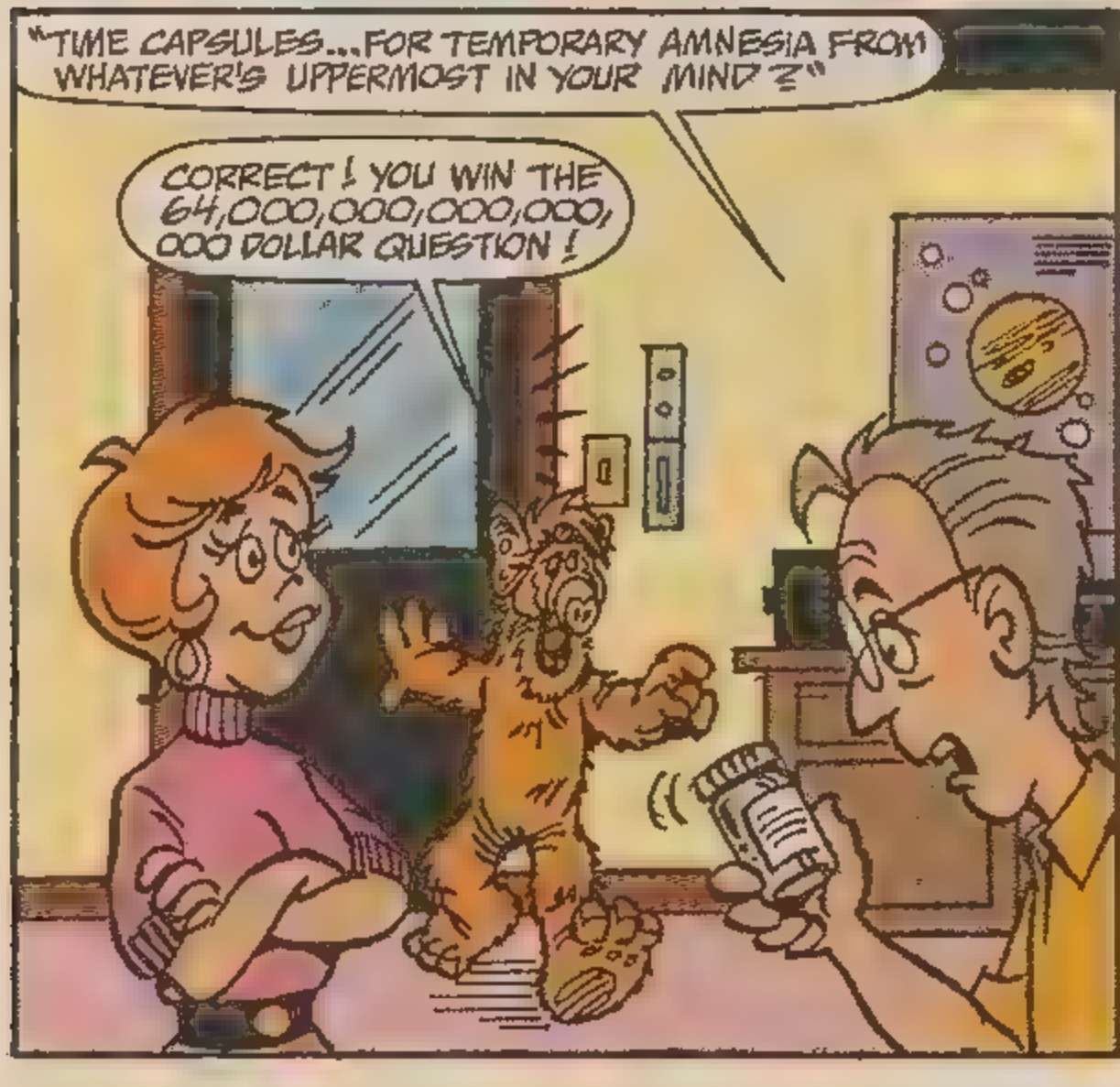
THAT'S RIGHT, FOUR-EYES...NOTHING EXCEPT WATCH FOR US ON THE EVENING NEWS!
OH, KATE...THIS IS A NIGHTMARE! A NIGHTMARE I SAY...THAT'S Night-Mare!
wink wink wink wink


OH! A NIGHTMARE! OF COURSE, ALF!
AND DON'T TRY ANYTHING FUNNY, TANNER!
Swing Loooow Sweet Chair-reee-o-o-t...

OH, MR. BITTNER--MAY I TRY SOMETHING FUNNY?
NO YOU MAY NO--
OOK!
SHIVE!
SULP!
NICE SHOT, KATIE OAKLEY!
12.

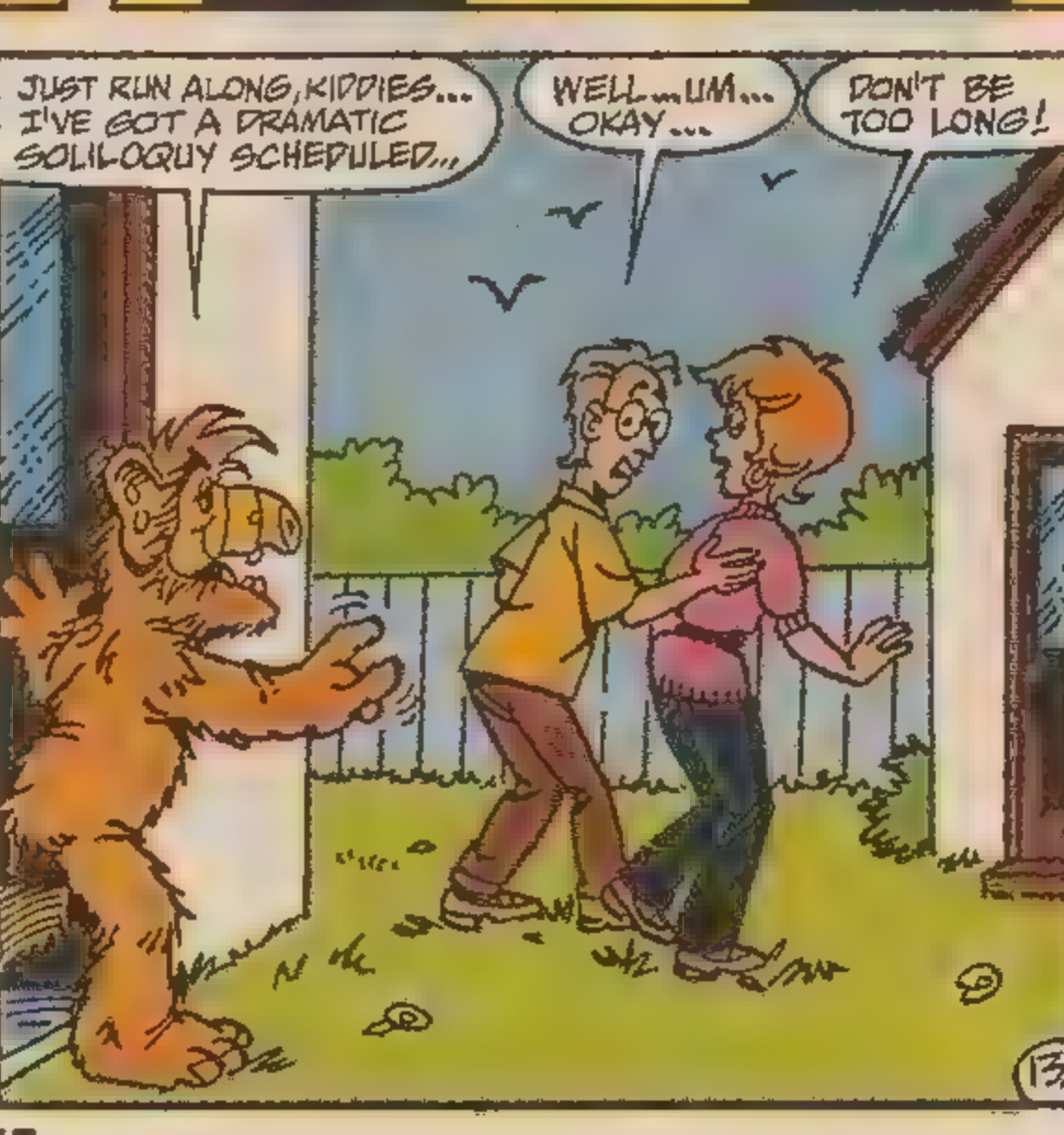
YOU...I...uh... HE...WHO--AM I? WHERE AM I?...
KATE, WHAT THE--?!
Shhh... WAIT A MINUTE, HONEY...
YEAH, WAIT A MINUTE, HONEY!


I FEEL VERY STRANGE... CAN'T REMEMBER A THING...
Adidas-- Please be a stranger!
WHAT JUST HAPPENED?
THESE PILLS OF ALF'S DID!


"TIME CAPSULES...FOR TEMPORARY AMNESIA FROM WHATEVER'S UPPERMOST IN YOUR MIND?"
CORRECT! YOU WIN THE 64,000,000,000,000,000 DOLLAR QUESTION!

BITTNER'S BRAIN WILL BE ON THE BLINK FOR ABOUT A DAY OR SO!
SO THIS IS ONLY A TEMPORARY SOLUTION!
WELL, AT LEAST IT GIVES US TIME TO COME UP WITH A PLAN!

RIGHT! AND WE'LL DO JUST THAT OVER THREE BOWLS OF POSSUM PORRIDGE...YOU TWO GO ON AHEAD...I'LL JOIN YOU IN A FEW PANELS!
HUH?
LB.
LB.


JUST RUN ALONG, KIDDIES... I'VE GOT A DRAMATIC SOLILOQUY SCHEDULED...
WELL...UM... OKAY...
DON'T BE TOO LONG!
13.

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In an obsessed quest to develop the ultimate T's for this holiday season, our mad, mutant artist has totally blown his overactive mind by creating MARVEL SWEATSHIRTS!
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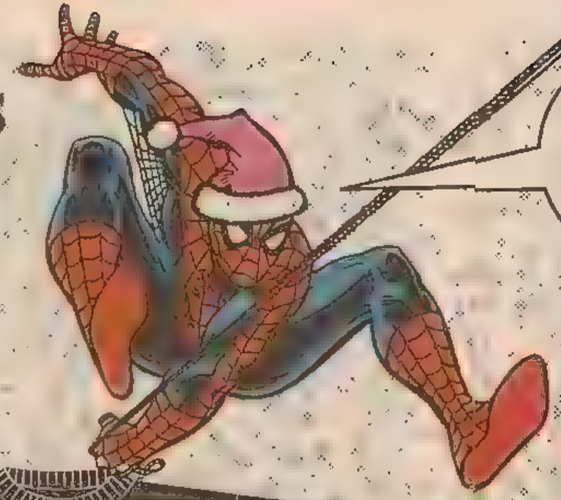

HAPPY HOLIDAYS FROM THE ENTIRE MARVEL FAMILY

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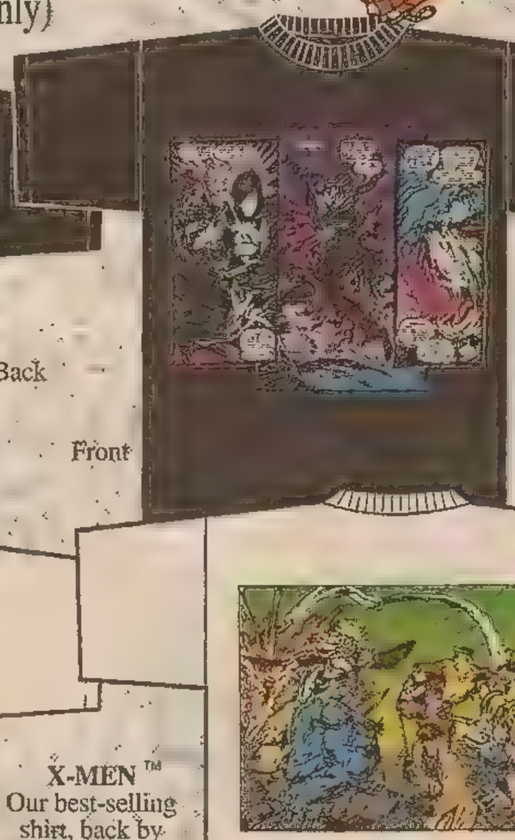

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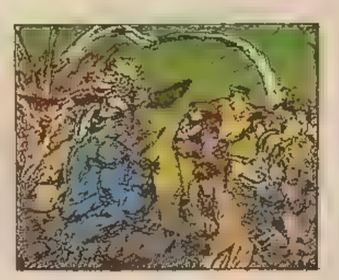

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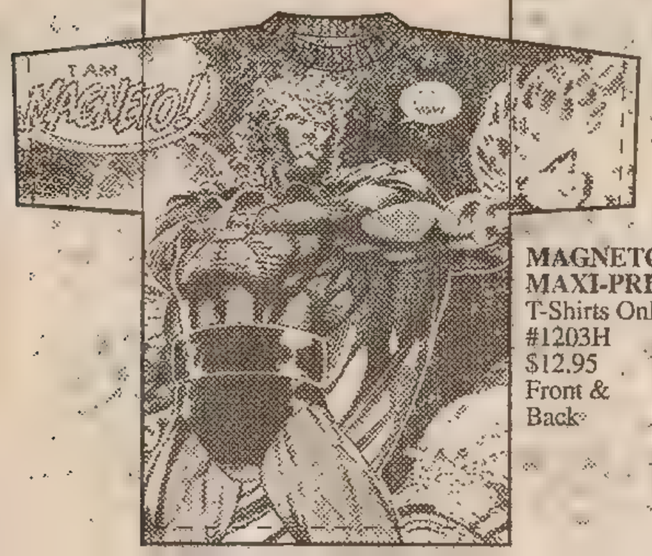

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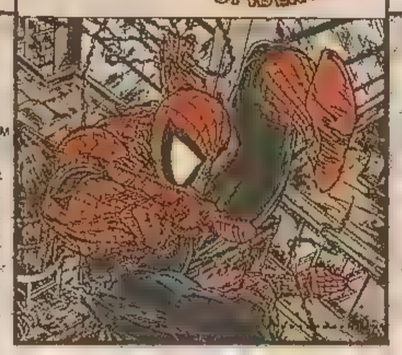

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HOLY SMOKED SALMON! I ALMOST COST THE TANNERS BIG TIME!

CLIQUE!

HOW CAN I EVER-- Ahem--YO! HOW 'BOUT A SPOTLIGHT?

SNEP-SNEP-SNEP!

IO-Q!

HOW CAN I EVER FEEL RIGHT LIVING HERE KNOWING MY PRESENCE PUTS THEM IN JEOPARDY?

SHALL I RISK THEIR SAFETY JUST TO MAINTAIN MY OWN COMFORTABLE LIFE-STYLE?

NO! BY CARBONATE OF SODA, I'M THROUGH BEING A LAZY, LOAFING (BUT LOVABLE) LOUT!

I'LL JUST SNAP ON WILLIE'S HAM RADIO...PLUS MY CUSTOMIZED BOOSTER WHICH TURNS IT INTO A SUB-SPACE COMMUNICATOR, AND DIAL HER UP!

BEEP...Sqee!

CRACKLE...HI, THIS IS RHONDA!...

RONNIE, BABY! THIS IS GORDON "I'm no Lightfoot" SHUMWAY WITH THE QUESTION YOU'VE BEEN WAITING TO HEAR...

...I CAN'T COME TO THE SUB-SPACE RADIO RIGHT NOW...PLEASE LEAVE A MESSAGE AFTER THE TONE...

GEE... IS IT PROPER TO LEAVE A MARRIAGE PROPOSAL ON AN ANSWERING MACHINE? MAYBE I SHOULD WRITE TO "DEAR SCABBY..."

HOLD ON A SECOND! IS ALF REALLY PLANNING TO ASK RHONDA TO MARRY HIM? WILL THEY SET UP HOUSE-KEEPING ON ANOTHER PLANET? AND WHAT ABOUT SKIP? STAY TUNED TO THIS COMIC BOOK AS WE ENTER THE LAST HALF OF "TH-TH-TH-THAT'S ALF, FOLKS" IN 30 DAYS!

THE END

14.

MELMAC MAIL SACK

FABIAN NICIEZA
EDITOR

EVAN SKOLNICK
MNG. EDITOR

c/o STAR COMICS, 387 PARK AVE. SOUTH, NYC, NY 10016

Hey, kids—Since we print your name, city, and state, please include them on your letters.

Dear ALF (Or Whoever's Reading This Letter),

I just wanted to tell you that your comic is the greatest ever, and that I hope you never stop making it. Well, I suppose you can stop for a lunch break. HA!

I've been collecting your comics for over two years now. (I started at issue #15.) And I've a box full of 'em. I've also got six ALF magazines, an ALF T-shirt, watch, clip-on, finger puppet, some ALF coloring books, posters, cards, books, puzzles, and figures. I'm even a member of the ALF Fan Club. I'd probably say I was your biggest fan, but I only weigh 95 pounds!

I think it's awful that ALF's TV show was canceled. It was my favorite. But I'm sure glad he's got a comic book besides. It's as good as the show, maybe better.

Well, I suppose I'd better leave some room on the page for a few more letters. May the S'mores be with you.

I "10-Q" for printing my letters. It's really cool when you're looking through a comic book and find your very own letter published!

Keith M. Kerscher
Sturgeon Bay, WI

Thanks for writing, Keith. Fans like you are worth a lot! At least $9.99/lb!

Dear Sirs,

As a rather mature ALF collector, I have found it increasingly difficult to find ALF in most magazine stores.

I have every issue through #40, and now found #42.

Issue #41 never appeared on the shelves, at least in Brooklyn.

May I purchase issue #41 through your back issue department?

Many thanks.

Eric Benson
Brooklyn, NY

No ALF #41's in Brooklyn?! Sounds like a conspiracy that only an Orbit Guardsman could crack. ALF will be right on it. In the meantime, Eric, there are companies that specialize in selling back issues. You'll find that they advertise in regular MARVEL comics. Thanks and good luck!

Dear ALF comics,

Hi! How are ya? I'm fine. I've got ALF issues #1-42.

Give the ALFster a snorb for me.

HA! I kill me!

I love ALF comics!

Liz Hickey-McCoy
Santa Monica, CA

Speaking of snorbs, Liz. Did you know you can go to any furry fast food restaurant now and order a SNORB-TO-GO?

Yo, ALF!

I am an avid "Trekkie" who has all of your comics. I was thrilled to see your Sci-Fry Marathons, especially "Star Shlep: The Next Generation." Q&A was great, but he still isn't as bad as on the real show! Also, where was Doctor Beverly Crunchy, or her son Wesson? I still rate it the BEST Melmac Flashback you've done so far. Could I suggest a sequel? Here it is:

The *No-Prize*, while patrolling the border of the Robloweian Empire (whose inhabitants wage war by getting videos of the enemy in embarrassing situations) run into the galaxy's most dangerous threat. . .

The evil BOARD!

The Board live in huge, pyramid-shaped ships and are out to turn the entire galaxy into wood! They capture Captain Picacard and turn him into a Board named Locutie. This leaves Will Triker in charge with a new first officer, Lt. Commander Spelling Bee, a Board expert. The Board ship defeats half the fleet at the star woof We-ate-7, using the diabolical method of forcing them to listen to New Kids on the Block.

The *No-Prize*, after being damaged in the primary confrontation, catches up to the Board ship at Melmac, which the Board is about to turn into an oak dresser. However, the *No-Prize* crew gets Captain Picacard (Locutie) back, and uses him to tap into the Board's beehive mind. They order the Board to light matches, and the ship burns up. Captain Picacard recovers, with only a bad case of splinters. (See the ST:TNG episode "The Best of Both Worlds" for more ideas.)

Well, whaddya think? I also would like you to please show more of ALF's family, and the New Age Melmutant Abstract Turtles. Also, where's Dorothy and Whizzer?

Brian Smelser
Dexter, MS

It's rumored Dorothy and Whizzer are Lost in Space — the space between the comic book panels, that is. Thanks for your synopsis, Brian. We're passing it along to Michael Gallagher, the man who puts words over ALF's head.

Dear ALF,

I love your comic books. I also like your TV show. I'm sorry they took it off the air.

My favorite comic is ALF Annual #3. I would like to see more of the New Age Melmutant Abstract Turtles.

By the way, my sister has a cat. If you're in the neighborhood, stop by for lunch!

You should put Jake Ochmonek in the comics.

Nick Clark
Cassopolis, MI

A lot of people ask to see Jake in the comics. Would you believe Jake is trying to unionize comic book characters and is holding out for a better contract? Thanks for writing, Nick.

Dear ALF,

Riddle me this: What did one chick say to the other chick when the hen laid an orange instead of an egg?

A: "Look at the orange Marmalade."

Riddle me this: What's the difference between a Melmacian and a flea?

A: A Melmacian can have fleas, but a flea can't have Melmacians.

Riddle me this: What's short, fat, obnoxious, dumpy-looking, has ratty-looking fur, an ego the size of an aircraft carrier, with a snout to match?

A: I don't know, but I'm glad I don't have him for a house guest!! Heeheeheeheehee!!

The Riddler
Gotham City

You're right! ALF sure is hard to get riddle of! Heeheeheeheeheeheehee!!

Dear ALF,

You're so funny. I watch your regular show. I read comics. They're funny.

You're so popular. You make me laugh. HA!

Jessica Cieciarski
Age 7
Tucson, AZ

ALF likes making people laugh! Thanks for letting him know you think he's doing a good job!

Yo ALF,

ALF, I really like you and I have over 150 things of you. I really like your comics. I wish your TV show was still on and I wish it was no problem for you to meet me.

You're my biggest star!

Karen Millotte
Ontario, Canada

Sounds like you have enough ALF 'things' to start a museum. Have fun collecting, Karen!

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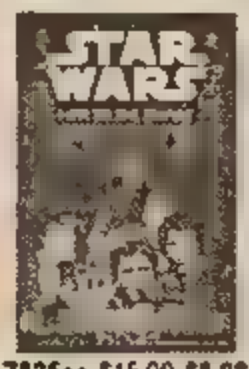

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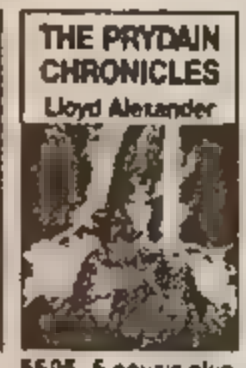

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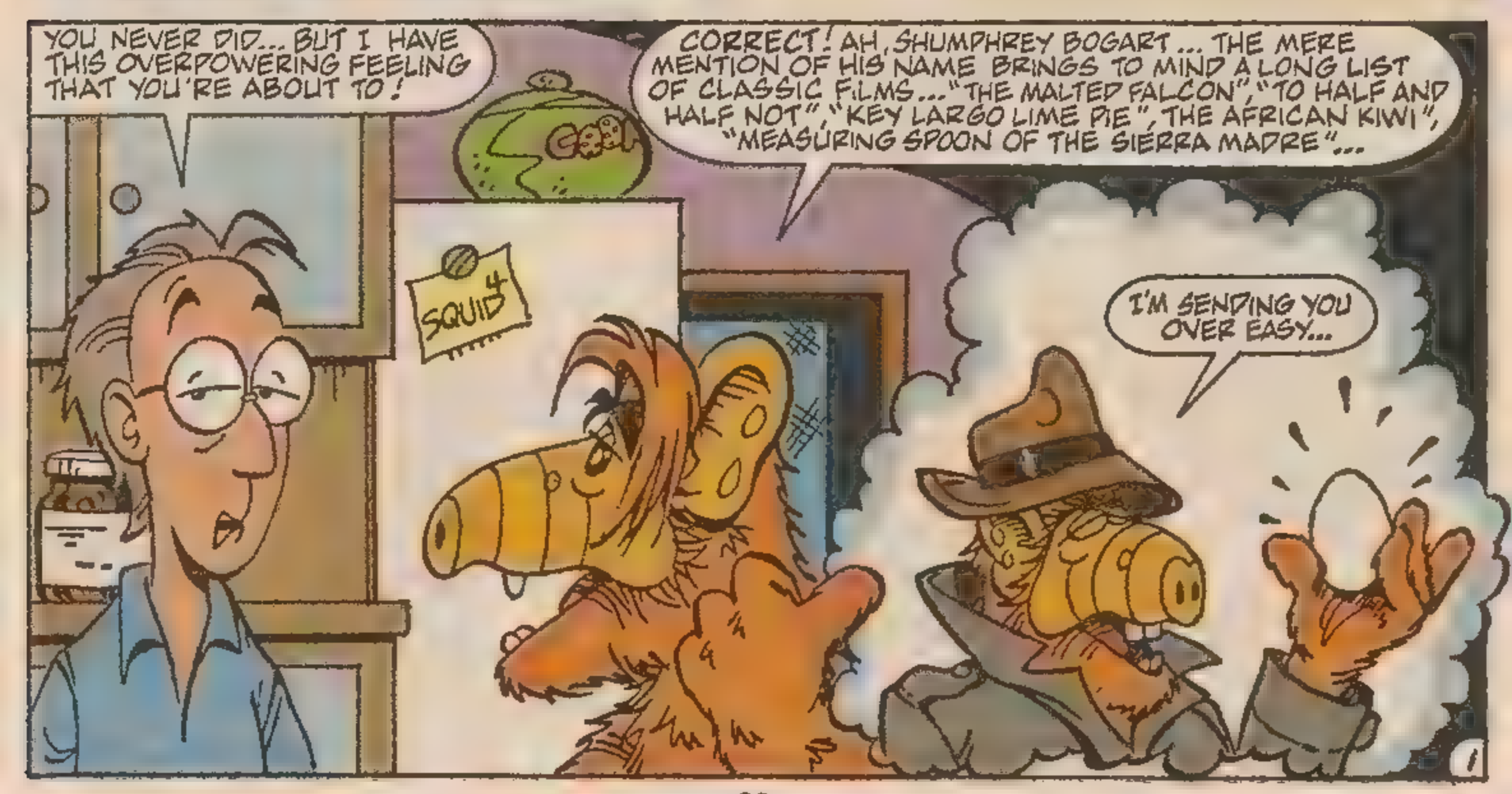
ALF in HERE'S COOKING AT YOU, KID!

HEY! DON'T BOGART THAT PECAN DANISH RING!

WHY, WEE WILLIE WINKY DINK! I DON'T RECALL TELLING YOU ABOUT MY UNCLE SHUMPHREY, MELMAC'S LEGENDARY ACTOR!

GALLAGHER / MANAK / SEVERIN

*NOTE: THIS FINAL MELMAC FLASHBACK TAKES PLACE PRIOR TO THIS ISSUE'S LEAD STORY, "A TISKET, A TASKFORCE!" -- CONTINUITY-CONSCIOUS EDITOR



BUT PERHAPS HIS BEST-KNOWN MOTION PICTURE WAS THE EVER-POPULAR:

"BASSABLANCA"

CHEAP

SIDNEY AVE.

GREEN ST.

BEDOUIN AND BREAKFAST

Mick's BBQ'ed Fish Café

Yankees

OPEN

I DON'T KNOW YOUR NAME, BUT YOUR FEZ IS FAMILIAR!

BOGIE PLAYED MICK, ENIGMATIC OWNER OF BASSABLANCA'S FINEST SEAFOOD RESTAURANT! MICK WAS A MYSTERY MAN WHO ONLY SEEMED TO CARE ABOUT ONE THING:

WATCHING TAPE-DELAYED NEW YORK YANKEES BASEBALL GAMES FROM EARTH!

MEANWHILE, WORLD WAR MCXVIII RAGED ACROSS MELMAC! THE "NOTSEAFOOD" PARTY WAS RAPIDLY TAKING OVER MAJOR CITIES! THEIR NEXT TARGET WAS RUMORED TO BE...

Melmediterranean Sea

BASSABLANCA!

BUT MICK WAS UNCONCERNED... EVEN WHEN NOTSEAFOOD SOLDIERS APPEARED IN HIS RESTAURANT, HE DIDN'T NOTICE.

HOLY COW!

WHEN THE LOCAL GENDARME, CAPTAIN BABALOUIE LET THEM TAKE OVER THE CITY SO HE COULD CONCENTRATE ON GETTING DATES, MICK PAID NO HEED...

HOLY COW!

DATES

HOWEVER, WHEN THE RESTAURANT'S PIANIST STARTED PLAYING A CERTAIN TUNE, THAT GOT HIS ATTENTION!

MOO!

2

SPAM! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU NEVER TO PLAY--

SORRY, MR. MICK... SPECIAL REQUEST FROM TABLE NINE...

gasp! VANILSA!

YES, IT WAS HIS BEAUTIFUL FORMER GIRLFRIEND!

HELLO, MICK...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN BASSABWHOA!

THUMF!

WATCH YOUR STEP...

MICK, MEET MY HUSBAND, VICTOR LAZLOSALT... HE'S DEEPLY INVOLVED WITH THE UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT!

ABOUT TEN FEET DEEP!

SO I SEE!

AH, MR. AND MRS. LAZLOSALT... I AM CAPTAIN BABALOUIE, THE MAN WHO CLAUDE REIGNS OVER BASSABLANCA... HAVE YOU MET MICK?

OH, YES...

WE'RE OLD... ER... MUSIC LOVERS.

PARDON ME, MR. MICK... THE SECOND HALF OF THAT DOUBLE-HEADER IS COMING ON...

CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY WITH A CUSTOMER?

HOLY BOBOLI!

BULLPEN BULLETINS

STAN'S SOAPBOX

Hi, Heroes!

Who wants to win a frankly fictitious Frammistat complete with one megabyte of RAM and driver's side air bag? All you have to do is answer a question that's been plaguing me for years, namely; Why in the name of Wolverine's manicurist can't the world's greatest comic book company ever get a date right? And if that doesn't whet your candescent curiosity then poor ol' Stan has lost his tender touch!

Let me elucidate. A few months ago I wrote a Soapbox column touting the famous San Diego Comic Con which was held during the July 4th holiday, suggesting that you attend it if you could. So far so good, right? Wrong! The column was supposed to appear in the Marvel mags which went on sale in June, to give those wanting to attend the Con enough time to make their travel plans. So what happened? We cleverly managed to print the Soapbox in titles that went on sale AFTER the Con was over!

Of course, no blushin' Bullpenner will ever admit that Marvel can err, so this is to announce that it really wasn't a mistake! We were simply advertising NEXT year's San Diego Con, and doing it twelve months early!

Y'know, the reason we started awarding no-prizes to readers who discovered mistakes in our mags is that we made so many of them that our only recourse was to make a game of it! Which means it's time for a brand-new no-prize contest! I will proudly award some exclusive, frost-free no-prizes, complete with woofer and tweeter, to the Marvel maniacs who submit the best slogan describing our peculiar propensity for fantastic foul-ups! To get you started, here's an example: "Marvel, the Blundering Bastion of Bone-headed Boo-Boos!" Now, hey, don't tell me you can't come up with a better one than that! But you'll really have to search for the winning entries — we'll probably print 'em in the wrong mag!

Excelsior!

Stan Lee

It's October, so it's time once again for creepies, crawlies, and things that go bump in the night. That's right — it's that time of year once again when our editor in chief **Tom DeFalco** cleans out his refrigerator!

It's also Halloween season — a time for facades, ruses, and masks. A time for deceptions, tricks, treats. Shams, scams, and hams (sorry — it's lunch time). A time to pretend to be something you're not. As our old friend Mr. Rogers might have put it, it's time to ride that little trolley into the land of make-believe.

In the world of comics, everyone has a secret identity (in fact, the comic strip character Cathy is actually Ziggy in drag). And many comics creators share similar fantasies of wanting to dress up like their four-color fantasy figures. So for this Halloween edition of the BB, we decided to ask the Marvel Comics creative people this question: If you could be anyone or anything for Halloween this year, what would you be? . . .

Peter David, of INCREDIBLE HULK fame, said "I'd like to be the person who gets to ask these stupid questions, instead of answer them." Peter asked us to mention that on Halloween, he gives out comics instead of candy. As he puts it, "I firmly believe in rotting a kid's brain instead of his teeth!"

SHIELD inker **Don Hudson** said, "I would be the Riddler, and I would have two guys accompanying me, with names written on their shirts like Chuckles and Chortles."

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN's **David Michelinie** chose a more horrific disguise. "I would be Fabian Nicieza. He writes five books a month, and that's scary!"

Roy Thomas, who's currently writing more CONAN than human beings should be allowed to read, said, "I'd like to be the owner of the Chicago Cubs so I could trade for a few good pitchers."

Michael Higgins, who's lettered so many AKIRA pages he's started wearing a kimono, said, "I'd be a member of the Grateful Dead."

Spider-Man villains are a popular choice this year. WEB OF SPIDER-MAN penciler **Alex Saviuk** said, "I'd like to be the Hobgoblin, who I happen to be drawing at the moment. I think it would be a neat visual. But considering my build, I think I would do better as the Kingpin! But I would have to shave my head!"

Writer without fear **Dan Chichester** would also like to be the Kingpin — "while there's still time!" Dan noted that the Kingpin is about to take a great fall over in the pages of his DAREDEVIL series.

Mike Mignola, of FAFHRD AND THE GRAY MOUSER fame, said "I would like to be a

OCTOBER COOLOMETER

COOL

- FEEWEE TERMAN
- MARVEL STOCK
- VIRTUAL REALITY
- SEVENTIES ROCK MUSIC
- DIRT ROADS
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- CATWOMAN
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- DRUIDS
- SELF-ORGANIZED CRITICALITY
- NETWORK TV

FOOOOZ!

winged monkey from the *Wizard of Oz!*" Mike was working on his costume even as we spoke, so don't be surprised to see him flying by your window this October 31!

ALPHA FLIGHT's artist in residence **Tom Morgan** told us "I'd like to be a Florida boat bum named Travis McGee."

Mark Bagley, currently knocking them dead on both AMAZING SPIDER-MAN and NEW WARRIORS artwork, said "I want to be Doc Ock, because I need the four extra arms to keep up with my deadlines!"

Editor **Mike Rockwitz** said he would be Petrus Steele of thrash metal group Type O Negative fame.

MARVEL AGE's own **Mike Lackey** echoed Mike Rockwitz's sentiments, saying he would be the grind-core thrash group, Gwar. Not just one member of the group, but the entire group! No small thinker, that Mike Lackey!

Editor **Craig Anderson**, currently preparing to launch an all-new ADAM WARLOCK series with writer **Jim Starlin**, said he would be "Kim Basinger's bicycle seat."

Glenn Herdling, who is *No Longer Submissions Editor* (but is editing the new NOMAD series), said he would like to be "a whispering wind, so I can travel over land and sea, unobstructed, to many a foreign country. Either that, or Fred Flintstone."

Glenn's assistant, **Pat Garrahy** — who may or may not be the *New Submissions Editor* (he asked us not to say, he's waiting for an appeal) said, "I want to be a movie star like Bugs Bunny or Kermit the Frog."

The PUNISHER's pal, **Mike Baron**, said he would like to be ballet star Mikhail Baryshnikov, because "he's got just the right amount of fame. He's unlikely to be mobbed when he goes out in public, but he's well-known in cultural circles."

Todd McFarlane, who formerly held the record for writing, drawing, and inking the best-selling comic of all time, said "I would like to be the president/owner of my own hockey trading card company, so I can tell people what to do instead of having to listen to my editor!"

Ron Lim, perhaps best known for running the INFINITY GAUNTLET earlier this year, said "I would be Kwai Chang Caine, from the *Kung Fu* TV series, with a group of traveling monks!"

Finally, we have ALPHA FLIGHT scripter **Scott Lobdell**, who said that if he could be anyone or anything for Halloween, he would be "the God of Comics for one day." Now who among us hasn't wished for that one at least once in his life?

Onward . . . !

IN ALL MY YEARS HERE, MICK HAS NEVER MISSED A YANKEE GAME! YOU MUST BE SPECIAL INDEED, MA'AM! GOOD DAY!

STILL A LOYAL NEW YORK FAN, MICK?

OF COURSE! JUST LIKE WHEN WE WERE... INVOLVED!

I REMEMBER IT CLEARLY... IT WAS 1961... THE YANKS WORE PINSTRIPES, YOU WORE BLUE! THAT WAS THE YEAR ROGER MARIS AND MICKEY MANTLE WERE COMPETING TO BEAT BABE RUTH'S HOME RUN RECORD.*

* SAVE YOUR STAMPS... SINGLE SEASON HOME RUN RECORD! --STATISTICAL EDITOR

WE WERE TOGETHER...

YANKEE STADIUM

ON THE DAY THAT ROGER HIT #61! SPAM PLAYED OUR SONG OVER AND OVER...

THAT SAME NIGHT, THE NOTSEAFOOD PARTY MARCHED INTO TOWN...

HONK!

YOU LEFT, BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS TO GET A MULLET TO CELEBRATE ROGER...

THEN I FOUND YOUR "DEAR JOHN" LETTER! YOU'D THINK BY THAT TIME, YOU WOULD'VE KNOWN MY NAME WAS MICK!

SNURK!

FOR YEARS, I'VE BEEN HAUNTED BY THE MEMORY OF THAT DAY! NOW AT LAST YOU CAN TELL ME WHY!

WHY!!

WHY!!!

UHH-MICK? MRS. LAZLOSALT LEFT IN THE MIDDLE OF YOUR MOROSE MONOLOG... THIS IS MAJOR STRESSTOUT OF THE OCCUPYING NOTSEAFOODS...

WHY... WHY... WHOOP!

HMF!

VE VILL NOT TOLERATE ANY BUSINESS ZAT SERVES VICTOR LAZLOSALT, OUR SWORN ENEMY! SHUT ZIS ANTI-ESTABLISHMENT DOWN NOW!

BABALOUIE!

JUST DOIN' MY JOB... MOVING THE PLOT ALONG...

CLOSED

4

THAT NIGHT...
SLOW DOWN, MR. MICK... THAT'S YOUR FOURTH BOTTLE OF COD LIVER OIL.
OF ALL THE FIN JOINTS IN THE WORLD... SHE WALKS INTO MINE!
CLOSED
BOP!

WELL, I CAN STAND IT IF SHE CAN... PLAY IT AGAIN, SPAM!
TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME...
THAT'S NOT THE SONG I MEAN!
WHERE HAVE YOU GONE, JOE DIMAGGIO...
SPAM! PLAY IT!

YOU MUST REMEMBER THIS... A FISH IS JUST A FISH...
OH YEAH... IT'S JUST LIKE SHE WAS IN THIS ROOM SINGIN' IT...

YOU ARE HERE, VANILSA! WHY? TO POUR LASLOSALT IN MY WOUNDS?
NO, MICK! TO BEG AN ARTIFICIAL FLAVOR FROM YOU!
PINE TREE'S A CROWD!

HA!
I SPURN YOU! AS YOU DID TO ME BACK IN '61...
OH, MICK... DON'T BE CRUEL! IF YOU ONLY KNEW... THAT YEAR WE WATCHED MANTLE AND MARIS... I WAS ALREADY MARRIED TO VICTOR! BUT THE NOTSEAFOODS SAID HE'D BEEN KILLED...
BUT ON THE DAY OF THE BIG HOMER, I FOUND OUT HE WAS ALIVE!
DON'T YOU SEE? I HAD TO GO BACK TO HIM!
EVEN THOUGH I LOVED YOU... EVEN THOUGH... ... I... ...STILL... ...❤... YOU!
(100% HONEY)
5

...YOU STILL ◆... I MEAN ♥ ME?! VANILSA! WHAT'LL WE DO?

I-huck! I-huck! I-huck!

YOUR NEEDLE'S HUCK... ER...STUCK!

OH, ANY MICK! I JUST DON'T KNOW MORE! YOU'LL HAVE TO DO THE THINKING FOR BOTH OF US!!!

TWACK!!

OTAY... JEZ AZ SOOD AZ I CAD STOB BY DOSE FRUM BLEEDING...

I LOSE MORE LEADING MEN THAT WAY...

LATER

MICK, YOU'D BETTER HAVE A GOOD EXCUSE FOR DRAGGING ME OUT HERE AT THIS HOUR!

SLAM!

I SURE DO, BABALOUIE! YOU'RE GONNA AUTHORIZE THESE TWO PASSPORTS I'VE BEEN HOARDING, ALLOWING SAFE DOUBLE DEPARTURE FROM BASSABLANCA!

BASSABLANCA HAIRPORT

SHORT TERM → LONG TERM → TERM-INATOR →

PAN HAM

NOT ZO FAST! I ZUSPECTED AS MUCH, VICH IS VHY I HID IN ZE TRUNK OF ZE CAPTAIN'S MOTOCAR!

THAT'S NOT THE TRUNK-- IT'S THE ENGINE!

DOT'S VHY IT VAS ZO CRAMPED... IN MY COUNTRY, VE PUT ZE ENGINE IN ZE REAR... FARVEGNUGEN AND ALL ZAT... BUT NEVER MIND! PREPARE TO DIE!

YOU BETTER LOOK OUT BELOW, STRESSTOUT!

CLIQUE!

HA! YOU THINK I'M SHTUPID ENOUGH TO FALL FOR ZAT OLD TR-

STUPID OR NOT, YOU DEFINITELY FELL! NICE TIMING, LAZLOSALT!

VICTOR!

I OWE IT ALL TO YOU, MICK!

?

I-HOP!

I I I I I I

YOUR MELEPHONE CALL GAVE ME JUST ENOUGH TIME TO GET HERE!

MICK...YOU CALLED VICTOR?

RIGHT! BABALOUIE, FILL THESE OUT IN THE NAMES OF MR. AND MRS. LAZLOSALT.. UNLESS SHE HYPHENATES WITH HER MAIDEN NAME!

AS YOU WISH...

I'LL MEET YOU ON BOARD, HON... OH BOY, I HOPE THEY SERVE US DINNER AND A MOVIE... I LOVE THE TASTE OF CELLULOID!

:SOB: MICK... I--I :sniffle: DON'T UNDERSTAND... :choke:

YOU TOLD ME TO DO THE TH.NK-ING FOR US BOTH... WELL, I DID!

YOU'VE GOTTA GO WITH VICTOR YOU'RE PART OF HIS WORK... YOU MAKE HIM TICK! BY THE WAY, A GOOD CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST COULD CURE HIM OF THAT TICK...

VANILSA, I'M NO GOOD AT BEING NOBLE, BUT IT DOESN'T TAKE A CROCK POT SCIENTIST TO SEE THAT THE PROBLEMS OF THREE PEOPLE DON'T AMOUNT TO A HILL OF BEANS IN THIS WORLD!

SO PLEASE-- GET ON THAT PLANE! I'VE GOT A SUDDEN CRAVING FOR A HUGE BOWL OF BEANS!

SOMEBODY ORDER A MONOLOG?

FORK LIFT

IT'S BEEN DONE!

7

K-K-WRR!
YOU'D BETTER HURRY! YOU'LL MISS THE PLANE!
BUT MICK... :SOB: WHAT ABOUT US?
DON'T WORRY, KID... WE'LL ALWAYS HAVE MARIS!!!
HAM

AND AS THE PLANE DRONED INTO THE SKY, MY DRONING COMES TO AN END!
"ALWAYS HAVE MARIS..." I SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT COMING...
PAN HAM

ALF, YOU KNOW HOW WE USUALLY TAG YOUR MELMAC FLASHBACKS WITH SOME SORT OF SARCASTIC COMMENT? WELL, NOT THIS TIME! I REALLY ENJOYED IT!
ARE YOU SERIOUS, WILLIE THE KIDDER?

ABSOLUTELY! THAT WAS THE MOST ENTERTAINING STORY YOU'VE EVER TOLD!
WILLIE... THIS COULD BE THE START OF A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP!
THE END

HOLIDAY SAVINGS COUPON

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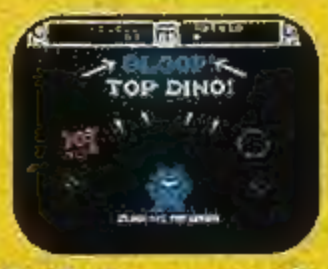

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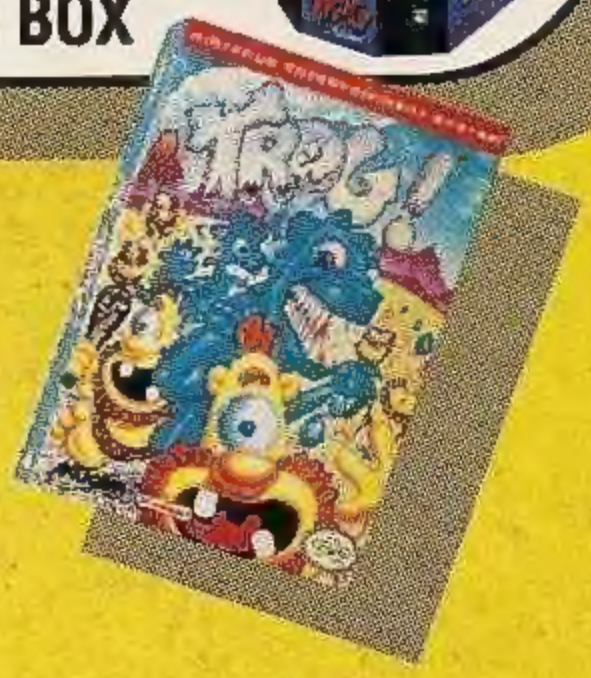

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